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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1458.

Original Poetry.

WE ARE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

We are growing old together,
Mine own regret the closest,
Know friendships form'd in early youth
Old age cannot estrange.
Toward he some soul if some were left
To flout us, fondly given,
But while growing old together
Mine own soul, nothing more.

I never hear the schoolboy's laugh
But scenes of youth come back,
I never see the youthful lightness
But lighter grows my tack
We care not, let not, my heart
And laughed away life's care,
But time has wrought its lighter feet,
And soon will father them.

I often think the form that's best,
And latest mingles,
Unto toil'd and heard it in beauty's tone,
Nor felt the chill of age.
To me that we'd recall the past.
Nor desire what has departed,
But love's heart made sun out to fast,
We would wish all the present.

We know the front of our dear night
Soon set the autumn leaf,
Nor dared we, if misery wing
Unshake the soul with grief,
No, 'tis the purest cross
That lays the former low,
And as we sink down with the sod,
Take death the kind blow.

Though we would not decay ad age,
Or mourn our youth,
There is a coldness lingers round
The thought we're growing old,
This is no souls Faith's precious gem
To cheer the path of age,
That when the chaos of youth is gone,
Leaves only rapid life's page.

Natchez, Miss., 1849.

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

(CONCLUDED)

CHAPTER XXIV.

—

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him—He smiled upon her, and I thought I could die—

Byron.

—

The beautiful Miss Denison was seated in the *ballroom* of the Hotel de Flandre, at Ostend, for the purpose of being seen, and of being seen by a great lioness. Dashing, however, as preeminent a situation, she pushed back her chair with a little scream, and a pretty display of damask cheek, from whence she could more comfortably admire the splendid figure of the Count de Lagny, and the symmetry and the selection of music, to be a beautiful scene.

In spite of her anxiety, she was pleased; and, as Lizzie declared a beautiful air from Semiramide, she heard herself saying to Mr. Courtenay, who sat by Mr. Greathead: As she did so, her attention was attracted by a figure that stood in the doorway. The face was turned away from her, but it was that of Mr. Clarence!

Involuntarily she threw herself back, but from the recess, though she almost laughed at her hasty anger her eye on the doorway. After a few minutes, however, passed—and she saw that the figure which had so much attracted her attention was her dancer, in earnest conversation with a tall and lovely girl who held his arm. Suddenly he raised himself—he moved his head—and, once more, Clarence was before her.

He gazed into the room, looked listlessly around, shook his head, and spoke again to the young girl beside him smiled upon her, his own sweet, thoughtful smile, and they disappeared in the crowd.

A current flash—a flash of anger and pride—for a moment rose on Isabel's pale cheek; but it was one that after sinking of deeper, when hope, every hour of his sister delighted at a moment of time. And there came a struggle in her heart against the agony she endured. "It is well, it is well," she repeated, in a low voice, between her teeth; "the torment him who so lately loved me, and if it is well that I, too, should be forgotten—that I, too, should not all these years of mental agony, be dealt, and true, and hope, all rose again, with a restless impatience to see more.

It was the sweetest sounds that ever fell, united from the lips of friend and Maiden. She lost nothing—she said nothing—she smiled mechanically in return for Mr. Greathead's repeated thanks and compliments, but she said nothing. Her eyes were on that place from whence she had seen Clarence disappear—whether she expected to see him appear again.

The current was over. Mrs. Courtenay moved, followed by the gentlemen, and Isabel found that it was so great that they got on but slowly. For a moment there was a confusion in the crowd, and she gave a piercing glance forward, and once more beheld Clarence.

He was standing at the top of the staircase, and the young girl was still beside him. His head was bent toward her, and Isabel fancied that she heard—

"Tell us go home," she said earnestly to Mrs. Courtenay; "pray let us go home."

Mrs. Courtenay consented; but it was with a pang for—and Isabel thought that it was in a moment of temper—that she had the usual fancy of old ladies for seeing every thing that was to be seen. Perhaps on this occasion, seeing was not all that was in her mind. But Isabel's wanted. Isabel look prevailed, and, when they reached the entrance of the staircase, she gave orders for their carriage to be called.

As they were moving slowly down the staircase, Mr. Greathead's cold invitations to come and have something warm and comfortable, the rail was vexatiously crowded, and Isabel was compelled to take Isabel to the carriage. As she reached the doorway, Clarence came in from the street, and they met face to face. She was hurried on, but her large, mournful eyes met his earnest, startled, anxious gaze.

"Who is that I tell me, who is that?—the beautiful girl with the dark curls," said Clarence, seizing an old man by the arm.

"That! why, don't you know? it's Miss Denison."

"Miss Denison, did you say?"

"Yes. Let me see, now, I think of it, did she marry? I have heard something—but, no, I am almost sure that she is Miss Denison still."

Clarence had taken Mrs. Harvey and Elliner to their carriage. He now walked home, without another word.

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CHAPTER XXV.

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Where late I saw thy favorite child,
Methought my jealous heart would break
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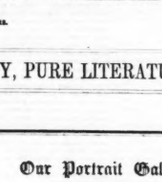
Tryden light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ. *Shakspeare.*

It was about the middle of the day following the concert.

Isabel sat in the front drawing-room, nursing her little brother—a really pretty baby, of about three months old. Her heart was lighter than it had been for many and many a day, for that one startling



Our Portrait Gallery.

MARSHAL SOULT.

Last of the Warriors tow'd by him:
To whom glory, in the home here,
Was still the greatest—and the best,
Of Saint There, and others of his grade,
Conscious of his grandeur, proud
Undeckered by the veil of Time—
A wonderful power the Lord
Of Force, just like the Nile doth shine
To towards what it waters—the land
To none need, and he no more!
Old "Hero" of the Empire's fame!
Thy comrades all are now laid low—
One star is left of thy name.

That veil a remembrance, glow!
Shout on—and in the world's heart
Illumine peacefully the years
Which shows the ocean
Of Life, amid the vain of hours!

Marshal Soult was born of humble parents at St. Amand, in the department of the Tarn, the 29th of March, 1769. At the age of sixteen he entered the French army as a private, and, after spending some time in the Royal Regiment of Infantry, became sub-lieutenant of grenadiers.

Under Hoche and Jourdan, he distinguished himself by a bravery always subservient to sound discretion. He was present at the glorious exhibition at the battle of Fleurus. In 1794 he was chief of the staff to General Lefebvre, who headed an advanced guard of the army of the Moselle.

In 1795 he was appointed General of Brigade then passed the army of Italy, and was the next year by reign of 1799 with distinction, until he was chief in the Genoa, with Massena. From this period commenced the friendship which the conquerors of Europe ever after entertained for him. Bonaparte, who well knew how to repay, soon gave to Soult a share of his own glory. Massena, whether he deserved his high reputation, or whether he owed it to the partiality of the world, "he has scarcely a superior." The consequence of that honest praise was, that he was entrusted with the most important commands. He was made Count of Genoa, and Generalissimo honored with the presents and friendship of Napoleon.

When the invasion of England was resolved on, Soult was placed over the army encamped from Montreuil to the sea. Here his talents for discipline and tickled was more severe than had ever been known in strict among the French troops. The camp of Boulogne in nightfall he was on horseback, inspecting their various evolutions, or superintending on foot their military exercises. Every thing was carried on as if the planned, and one day even the First Consul expressed his satisfaction that they would take under it. The General replied, "Such as cannot withstand the fatigue which I myself undergo, will remain in the depot, and when the time arrives I will be able to undertake the conquest of the world." Ex pressions like these could not but be grateful to one who was meditating no vast a design, and, in May, 1804, Soult was promoted with a Marshal's truncheon.

He was present at the battles of Austerlitz and Jena, and he was afterwards called to a more important than either sinking of despair, when hope, every hour of his sister delighted at a moment of time. And there came a struggle in her heart against the agony she endured. "It is well, it is well," she repeated, in a low voice, between her teeth; "the torment him who so lately loved me, and if it is well that I, too, should be forgotten—that I, too, should not all these years of mental agony, be dealt, and true, and hope, all rose again, with a restless impatience to see more.

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As they were moving slowly down the staircase, Mr. Greathead's cold invitations to come and have something warm and comfortable, the rail was vexatiously crowded, and Isabel was compelled to take Isabel to the carriage. As she reached the doorway, Clarence came in from the street, and they met face to face. She was hurried on, but her large, mournful eyes met his earnest, startled, anxious gaze.

"Who is that I tell me, who is that?—the beautiful girl with the dark curls," said Clarence, seizing an old man by the arm.

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"Miss Denison, did you say?"

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Isabel sat in the front drawing-room, nursing her little brother—a really pretty baby, of about three months old. Her heart was lighter than it had been for many and many a day, for that one startling thing like a combined opposition. Quarts was taken, and the fruit of his victory was the capture of nineteen stands of colors, one hundred and sixty-seven pieces of artillery. Thirty Engish, Irish, Scotch, and French in the river, and loaded with stores and provisions for a month, also fell into his hands. He endeavored to remedy, as far as it was possible, the deplorable result of the defeat by Recovering and restoring a part of the plunder, he caused the inhabitants assembled in the town to be treated with respect; and invited, by proclamation, all those who had fled, to return.

But he shortly became the object of Soult's power. The very peasantry, ill-natured and unfriendly as they were, evinced his partiality, and the last British, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, advanced against him, and with such celerity, that they were not brought upon the field of battle on the Douro That he should have suffered himself to be taken by surprise, is considered a blot upon his military reputation; but, from the commencement of his career, all his operations were marked by talent and decision. He ostentatiously adopted the only measure by which his army could be rescued from danger, and, by the prompt promptitude of his artillery and baggage, he succeeded in evading his pursuers.

In 1813, Soult was called from this diversified scene, to support the tottering throne of his imperial master in another region. He was created by reign of 1799 with distinction, until he was that by the Emperor. He remained at Genoa, and commenced the friendship which the conquerors of Europe ever after entertained for him. Bonaparte, who well knew how to repay, soon gave to Soult a share of his own glory. Massena, whether he deserved his high reputation, or whether he owed it to the partiality of the world, "he has scarcely a superior." The consequence of that honest praise was, that he was entrusted with the most important commands. He was made Count of Genoa, and honored with the presents and friendship of Napoleon.

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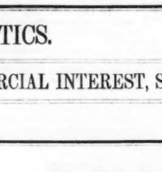

Our Portrait Gallery.

COMMODORE BARNEY.

In our paper of September 23rd, 1848, under the head of "A Yankee Stratagem," we gave an account, taken from the Philadelphia Chronicle, of the celebrated action in our own waters, when Commodore Barney, in the Hyder Ali, captured the General Monk.

A correspondent has obligingly furnished us with the following article, cut from a newspaper of the time, (we think) 1815, and relating to the events of the Revolution. Mr. Macaulay has written the History of England, and Mr. Barney that of England, into which he has necessarily labored to infuse something of the spirit of the age to which they belong, that we have an American chronicle, written on the spot at the moment, almost before the echoes of the cannon had died away on the shores of the Delaware. Here we have the true spirit of the age, without any probability of mistake. The Methodists all allowed, shows that the Temperance movement was yet unheard of.

We now proceed to copy the ballad, with the poet's prefatory note to the editor.

MR. EDITOR:—Reading Captain Barney's late gallant exploits in the river and other waters, I could not restrain myself from scribbling the few following stanzas relative to that officer; and suppose you or what was really said or done in the more serious portions of the piece, you might refer to naval papers and to similar circumstances. Yours,

Dover, April 20, 1780. RUSTICUS

TO THE TUNE OF THE TEMPEST, OR,

HOPKIN'S CRUISE.

O'er the waters of waters wandering,
Long the General Monk had reigned,
Air unbridled, still unchain'd,
None her lawless rage restrained;
Meant a barrier and beauty fellow
Fearless in his warlike toe,
When her gone began to bellow,
Struck his loudest note for Barney.

Her groans bold with long assurance,
Her guns with long metal bore,
Her sailors, all Britons,
Her soldiers, a stranger to dishonour,
Chose to serve on Wicked Cape May.
Now was soon read Captain Rogers:
Had not Barney been a match,
Had not Barney been a match,
Had not Barney been a match,

Romance of History.

ROMANCE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

From a recent review in Blackwood's Magazine, of a new book upon the Romance of Russian History, we take the following:

ANECDOTE OF THE CZAR PETER.

The character of few sovereigns admit of being judged more correctly than that of Peter of Russia, surnamed the Great. According to the point of view whence the commentator looks, we hold the hero or the savage; the wise legislator or the brutish tyrant; the patient pioneer of science or the frivolous and boorish debauchee. In the long chapter given to his scientific and eventful reign, M. Rambaud has set his little theory. In a work intended for the composition and exactitude, the characters of the sovereigns of Russia must necessarily not to be left under their most amiable aspect, especially when those sovereigns are Russian czars and czarinas, in whose character, as in their country, there is more than severity, and pure on than punishment. The pen of Voltaire has done much for the reputation of Peter the Great, who to us has always appeared a terrible personage. Historians have contented his exploits and good deeds, till his crimes and barbarities have been lost sight of in the glitter of prosperity. The Muscovite who could debase himself to the level of an executioner, to lashing his rebel subjects with his own hand, and feasting his eyes with the spectacle of death where he himself was unwearied in slaying a few could condemn his wife, reputation without cause, to the frightful torture of the knout, and sign the ukase, would it is more than suspected his kinsmen's destruction, the death of his own son—may have been great as a warrior and a statesman, but he can never be described as a man. Peter was cortical; an extraordinary compound of vices and virtues. His domestic life will not bear even the most superficial investigation, and M. Rimé has ripped it up unmercifully. The great reformer—he might almost say the founder—of the mighty empire of Russia, the conqueror of Charles of Sweden, was a drunkard and gross sensualist, a bad father, a cruel and unfaithful husband. Indeed some of his acts seem inexplicable save upon the theory that ferocious insanity manifest in more than one of his descendants. From his early manhood he never was apt to cause his late to save the victim. An illustrating one of them, an incident, some but several of the events of his life, is given by M. Rimé, in more minute detail than we ever before met with it. Peter's whole life was a torment; but this is assuredly one of the most romantic episodes. A short time before his death, according to M. Rimé, although others say further, the same papers earlier, Peter was virtually smitten by the charms of a young girl named Demetrius. Although 'modest' described, her beauty to be married to an officer of the regiment of Schmal'off, she faced upon the czar's wishes, but became his mistress. Peter, who took her voyage, assume the brutally forced kissed her, and passed much of his time in her society, in a charming cottage in which he had installed her at one of the extremities of St. Petersburg. He was not the richest her family, who were apparent however, at her context. Her beloved was a young man, Dmitri Antonio Daniloff, was in despair at her disappearance, and made numerous efforts to discover her fate, but all in vain, until Ivan-va, having made a resident of a Livonian slave, but him conducted to her presence. The lovers' meetings were then frequent, as much so, that Peter received intelligence of them. "Hanging on the gallows" was the fate of a liger.

"Betrayed! betrayed everywhere and always!" cried he, striding wildly about the room, and striking his brow with his clenched fist. "Oh! revenge! revenge!"

Before the close of day he left the palace alone, wrapped in a coarse cloak, his face in shadow. Many whose palaces attested their long services, his head covered with a fur-side cap which came down over his eyebrows and half concealed rather a face. He soon reached Demetrius's house, where the lovers deemed themselves perfectly secure, for the Czar had spread a report of his departure for Moscow. Moreover, the daughter's presence was a very busy, in the antechamber, to give an alarm at the least noise. Peter knew all this, and had taken his measures accordingly. Opening an outer door with a key of his own, he bounded into the antechamber, upset the sleeping girl with a kick of a powerful foot, burst the door that separated him from the lovers. All this occurred with the speed of lightning. Daniloff and Ivanowa had scarcely time to rise from their seats, before the Czar came over them with his drawn sword in his hand. Ivanowa uttered a cry of terror, fell on her knees, and fainted. Prompt as the Czar, Daniloff sprang between and threw himself between his mistress and Peter. The latter lowered his weapon.

"No he said, 'rather revenge her bride!'

He spurned a window and cried down: A-de-nagbi, a Livonian officer of the regiment of Preobrazhensk. Mastering his fury, the Czar ordered the young officer to be taken to prison, there to receive one hundred blows of the battogue or stick. Ivanowa was also confined until the Senate should decide on her fate. The next day Daniloff received all his terrible punishment. Before half of it had been inflicted, he was from the hands of the executioners, was one lobe-on wound." &c. &c. We omit the revolting details. Nevertheless, the executioners continued to strike, and the lobes of his blows were counted, without a complaint from the sufferer. The misfortunate Daniloff had not only fainted: he got up alone," when untied, and ordered to have his wounds carefully dressed.

"I have need to live a short time longer,' he added.

Meanwhile Ivanowa was brought before the senate, and accused of high treason, and of trying to dishonour state-secrets—charge of Peter of Devotion. The supple Senate, created by the Czar, condemned her to have the tongue torn down of it by knout in the presence of her accomplice, Daniloff already punished by the Emperor's order. On the day appointed for the execution, Peter stood up in the balcony of his winter palace. Several battalions of infantry were drawn up, escorting the unfortunate Demetrius, who, in spite of the frightful sufferings he still endured, walked with a steady step, and with a firm and even joyful countenance. Surrounded by another escort, was seen the poor Ivanowa, half dead with fear, and led by torture, supported on one side by a Priest, and on the other by a woman, and that the beautiful head had fallen one shoulder to the other, according to the anguish given it by her painful progress. Even Peter's heart was touched at the sight. Rendering his sentiment, he put on the ribbon of the order of St. Andrew, from a stand over his shoulder, left the Palace, sprang into a boat, and reached the opposite side of the river at the same time as the mournful procession which had crossed the bridge. Making his way through the crowd, he dropped one cloak, took Ivanowa in his arms, and supported of a him upon her knee. A murmur arose amongst the people, and suddenly cries of "Pardon!" were heard.

"The Intendant of St. Andrew then enjoyed the singular privilege that a kiss given by them to a condemned person, deprived the executioner of his victim. This privilege was indeed rarely used by any, but not without some modification.

"Daniloff," exclaimed Peter. He supported the Czar, whose every movement he had anxiously watched, stepped of his cost, and cast the lonely coward around his shoulders.

"The man who could suffer thus,' he said, 'deserves love in the. Czar, thy sovereign, restores his late! Ivanowa, I go to her mother!' And drawing a ring from his finger, he stuck it on the finger Ivanowa. He fixed was unconscious. Peter hastened to her Palace, and the stupefied servants already dispersed. Ivanowa died shortly afterwards in the Convent to which she had been permitted to retire."

THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOFF.

The mysterious of the unhappy young Princess Tarrakanoff, sought by M. Field will illustrate by the most interesting chapter in that volume of his work. The Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, and predecessor of Peter III.—whose murder was the occasion of Alexei Orloff's exile—towards Catherine the Great, was brought about by her—had had three children by her secret marriage with Alexis Rozhi.off. The youngest of these was a daughter, who was brought up in Russia under the name of Princess Tarrakanoff. When Catherine trampled the rights of Poland under foot, the Prince Charles Radziwil, elected of the young Princess, and lent her to Italy, thinking to set her up as some future day as a Pretender to the Russian throne. Informed of this, Catherine conducted his relative, and in order to lure the young princess into her power, induced her to believe that she had been with him to Italy Time romances enamoured, Radziwil set out for Poland to seek out the young princess. Informed of this, he left secretly, and at Rome, under the name of a sort of gentleman-in-waiting. Here he met with the young princess, and fell in love with her. Time romances enamoured, Radziwil set out for Poland to seek out the young princess. Informed of this, he left secretly, and at Rome, under the name of a sort of gentleman-in-waiting. Here he met with the young princess, and fell in love with her.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

THE GRAVE OF BURR.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal, writing from Princeton, N. J., says he gave the following account of a visit to the grave of Aaron Burr:—

We were not the men who can unmoved gaze on the grave of Col. Burr. It is one of the most sad and desolate places we ever saw. The grave yard is as monumental pile or sculptured marble stands over it, to irritate the curious or afford a single living soul. Not even a rough stone; since marks the head or the foot of him who once held such power, and who was himself a great man. Wild grass and poisonous weeds form the sod that partly covers him. The rest of the surface of the grave is sterile clay, yielding no verdure plant or shrub. The strongest may stand on the spot, and regards it not until he is told that he stands over the remains of Burr.

How changed the scene when from this remarkable spot we turn to the sleeping-place of the father of Burr. One need be a man of little refinement, but there is a massive lumbleness on which are cluseled the deeds of the honored and loved President of New Jersey. Every letter of the inscription is only designated by its being at the foot of the father's.

Immediately to the left of President Burr, is the tomb of Jonathan Edwards, "the great supernaturalist" is written on it, and no one conversant with the life and character of the man would erase the illustrious appellation. Mrs. Edwards' sod and in regular order are the tombs of Samuel Davies, Samuel Finley, John Witherspoon, and Samuel Stanhope Smith—each loved in life, honored in death, and embalmed in the memory of a grateful posterity.

The proximity of Col. Burr to those loved and distinguished men would be still more forcibly lovingly. Their unforgotten virtues make his vices more conspicuous. They shed over him a few deeds in his life, which might under other circumstances palliate but not cause.

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Miscellaneous.

PURCHASE OF A SWORD IN THE EAST.

Among the Oriental curiosities of a sword is an affair of no ordinary importance, and the price of foregoing frequently occupies many weeks. As Englishmen, were he to take a fancy to a sword in the possession of his friend, would not be long in expressing his wish in some such terms as these: "I say, old fellow, what will you take for that sword of yours?" To which the friend would reply with a caution of proceeding highly indelicate, not to say injudicious: "I take for it? Why, you have given Englishmen taken a wife; and, I say, old, taken a wife as an Englishman buys a sword. When he wants a wife he sends to the market and looks out and there's an end on't; but a sword is a very different affair, and by no means to be so lightly disposed of. The first symptoms of his having fallen in love are considered by frequent visits to the house of the object of his affections, and by their pipes and drink their coffee together; and, then it owns a word is said about the matter, and its owner is perfectly well aware that it is not for love alone that all this attention is shown to him. Presently the sword is introduced; its admirer feasts his eyes upon its beauty, and (as in the parlor) quotes the price of every diamond in the hilt. If none becomes generally understood in the neighborhood that such a one is in treaty for such a sword, and possibly it may be the case that a rival may make his appearance in the field. In the course of time both the sword and the wife are purchased, and the owner of the former, when, gradually develops into an offer; and, if the course of love runs smooth, in due time the relative position is concluded, and the successful suitor carries off his prize. Those for the sword appears to have the best of it, but in the wife's case the sword and the wife are yet upon a par; neither can follow its master beyond the grave. Observe thus the result of the "ever closed Heaven!" A man, seeing the fate of no manner but his wife in this world, gets so tired of her that he positively requires a change in the next. Out on the unfeeling Moslem that would keep his companion all so selfishly to himself through the weary journey of life, and then cast her off, even at the gate of Paradise!

ANECDOTE OF THE POET CAMPBELL.

When complimented upon his poetical fame, Campbell generally met the speaker with some ludicrous deduction; some horrifying drawback from the easily-money reputation for which his friends gave him credit. Yes, it was very humiliating. Calling on an editor in Bulbeck he owes information I was in want of, the mistress of the house, a sensible, well-informed woman, invited me to take a seat in the parlor; "her husband would be at home instantly, but if I was in a hurry, she would be glad to give me the information required." Well, I was in a hurry, so small, finished my lunch, received the information, and was just wishing her good morning, when she hesitated, asked if I would kindly put my name to a charity subscription list. "By all means," say putting on my glasses, wrote "T. Campbell," and returned it to her. "Oh, sir, I see you are the once something handsome." "How so," said she, looking at the name, "This must be the great Mr. Campbell! Excuse me, sir, but I must be so bold as to ask if you be the celebrated gentleman who wrote 'Hohenlinden,' 'Ye Mariners of England,' and that most sublime of compositions, 'The Battle of the Baltic?'" "The same," said my self-complacency, "I am he." "Then I must say, sir, that you are the most unfortunate man I ever met with in my life, closing at the latter sentence with a look of the most unfeigned sorrow and regret.

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General News.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

The New York Sun has received letters and papers from the Sandwich Islands, which arrives from San Francisco to the 19th of May, seventeen days later than former advices. The story they tell is anything but favorable, in regard to California, where anarchy appears to reign triumphant.

The treaties between Great Britain and his second, and the people of San Francisco, are ordered. The idea of authority rules a capital most decidedly. General Smith and a few of his troops have been driven on board the vessels of war in port. The cost have fled to the mines. In consequence of the hostility of the people, and the total impossibility of doing anything by force, Gen. Smith will return home by the first opportunity. San Francisco is completely in the hands of the vigilance, and the streets are the scene within their reach. Those who have gone in search of gold do not find it in the flowery path they anticipated—they are obliged to wait for the water up to the middle, exposed all day to a scorching sun. And this is the attacks of the Indians, which are daily becoming more frequent, the expected approach of the Chelsea, the existence of many among them, and we have a faint idea of the miner's life; many are turning their attention to other branches of industry, while many are preparing their return to home.

There were over 8,000 persons at the mines, one half of whom are Americans, one quarter Chilenians, and the remainder Peruvians and Chilians.

The general idea among the Americans is that the property should be allowed to dig for gold, and it is almost certain that difficulties resulting in bloodshed will soon occur. The hatred between the Americans and the swarms of foreigners is intense. The average sum of gold collected by all who are at the mines scarce exceeds five dollars per day for each, and it is generally believed that it will be the last men who return home in good health. The expenses of living at the mines are enormous.

Colonel Mason, upon whose circular rests the foundation of all the bitter feelings which have been engendered, is by no means a bad man, and that unless he quits the country soon, he will be assassinated by the miners. So it is said.

It would be curious if, after all, the law of the strong must always control the progress of the new masters of the country driven from their new possession.—

AMERICAN GUNSMITHING.—The manufacture of Queen's rifles, for the use of the Queen, is rapidly advancing in this country. There are at Liverpool (N. Y.) two extensive establishments, giving active employ ment to a large amount of capital, and employing upwards of 300 workmen. The annual value of more than $70,000 worth of the ware annually, and the following Gazetta says:

"The barrels, which are of two colors, either of a light yellow, or of a dark mahogany hue, is altogether owing to the quality of the iron used, while the patterns are, in many instances, very beautiful, and display a fine exercise of taste. Our factories has sprung up within the past few years, and has already driven the English yellow ware from the market. Many of the merchants in New York, Philadelphia and other Eastern cities, as well as Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and the rest of the Western States, at Louisville, O., there are also large factories.

INDIAN AND TAXES.—The water at Mackinaw is very clear and very cold, and the air is pure and most unobtainable. A gentleman lately amused himself by throwing a small gold coin in twenty feet of water, and going in after it. He could not avoid bring it up. Down they plunged, but after succeeding two or three times, he gave it up in disgust, and after several attempts they gave it up. A Yankee standing by, observed that "if he could dive as deep as the Californian he would get up quicker than lightning," to which he remarked, that when descending he felt as if going to as was expected, quietly took up a setting pole, and dipping it down to the bottom, he stuck it into the coin and brought it up, and slipping it into his pocket, walked off, to the amazement of the Indian and Yankee, and the no small chagrin of the owner.

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Clippings.

☞ On 61st Washington that Senator Benton's youngest daughter will soon be espoused to Signor Blair, a young Mexican.

☞ A removed Postmaster still effaces P. M. to his name—he says it means *poor mortem.*

☞ Mr. Thomas Hamilton, U. S. mail, will immediately visit this country our fall. He will probably be accompanied by Mr. Tennyson, who will write a despatches in the English provinces.

☞ The largest amount of California gold received at the Mint at the U. S. in this city for coinage, up to June 20, is as follows: Total ounces, about 1,000,000, equal in value to about two millions.

☞ A contributor of London, Mr. Masters, has been presented with a piece of silver manufactured, and as a sterling exposure.

☞ A letter from California, received at Nashville, says, "A man's life here is worth about forty cents on the dollar."

☞ Florida is said to grow the Pineapple of the first quality. A single acre of good soil will produce, with little culture, from $400 to $1,000 worth per year.

☞ The town of Danvers, Mass., has been identified for not establishing a high school.

☞ Cure for Sea Sickness.—Place the patient on his back, in a horizontal position—give him fresh air; keep him well covered and warm; apply cold water to his head—but brisker, and, to the his feet and around him—furniture, mustard to the pit of the stomach and extremities. Internally give stimulants—as brandy, ether, simm win, oxygen, &c.

☞ There are some persons so despondent, worldly as not to pay for their newspapers, which evinces a degree of depravity very nearly akin to total.

☞ The Nashville True Whig states that the Governor which caused the death of the late Professor Polk "was of a chronic nature, having been troubled with more or less for the past twenty-seven years."

☞ The Prefect of Police at Paris, deposed recently "that an experience of upwards of thirty years had convinced him of the inutility of capital punishment."

☞ Latest News Boys Cry.—Ere's the Sun, Ledger and Nerald—all got the Cholera!

☞ Wentworth, the poet, now 70 years of age, was at the Queen's last ball.

☞ Douglas Jerrold, author of the Caudle Lectures, and other celebrated works, has left a weekly paper—one of the most pungent journals of the age—and is to take charge again of the London Punch, which since the absence of his pen has been rapidly running down of late. Punch had at one time a circulation of 70,000 weekly.

☞ A country school master thus describes a money shower: "It rains yes in the present tense, it rained in the conditional mood—it pours yes in the subjective—and rains yes in the future."

☞ Baron Von Finger, Ex-Minister of War to the King of Wurtemberg, died lately in the neighborhood of Stuttgart. Although occupying so high a station in society, he ended his days in a state of the most abject poverty.

☞ In answer to an inquisitive correspondent, who wishes to know what the "Hungarian Dust" is, we state most explicitly that it is for the most part beef and potatoes.

Varieties.

TO KEEP FOR ALICE.—The London Literary Gazette has the following, in relation to keeping fresh fish alive:

"Those worthy individuals who take delight in Izaak Walton's art, and who, moreover, are in the habit of sending their capture to their friends in epicurean acquaintance, must learn an independence of the piece of information, viz. how to keep the fresh. This may be done by soaking the soft part of bread in brandy, and inserting it into the gill of the fish, while it is yet alive, afterwards sprinkling it over gently with brandy. Thus prepared and carefully packed in grass, the fish will keep alive ten or twelve days, as may be proved by putting it in fresh water at the end of that time, when, after a few hours' immersion, it will recover from its protracted drunkenness."

UNLUCKY POET.—We once heard from the lips of an old man of the Puritan stock, that a good twenty-two books were first introduced, he took a fancy to a dog, which he named Ben, or Benjamin, when to his great surprise and annoyance, he was summoned to a church meeting, and charged before the congregation with having given to his dog the name of a Pet. No Puritan, it is a fixed axiom of Unitarianism, that no dog can be called Ben, or Benjamin, or Peter, or Paul, or Mary, or Elizabeth, or any name (except one) and no engraving on the face of the earth, and started the judgment of the Lord which can thus "Should brother George Noble again appear on the Lord's day or sexagesimal Sunday, he will be expelled from this church!"—*N. Y. Evn. Post.*

ISRAEL TRUTH.—There is not a more unpopular man in the city than an industrious and honest man, says the Boston Post. Truth, who will not sell a "ticket or two" to a friend, or a "puff" to a stranger, or more not bring down the requirement of duty to the level of his competent pecuniaries; who refuses to sell his vote for the price of rights, is the most unpopular. It is clear that his good angel has not forgotten his office, and that he is a martyr—the principle of a second spiritual vitality still struggles in his unconscious. There is hope for one who put long up his practice to his ideal standard of duty—that the Truth to which he does homage in his heart may come to live and move in his life.—*National Era.*

A "BRASH" IN THE LEGISLATURE.—We heard a story, says the Louisville Courier, which is illustrative of the "brash" order. A gentleman lately announced himself by throwing a small gold coin in twenty feet of water, and going in after it. He could not avoid bring it up. Down they plunged, but after succeeding two or three times, he gave it up in disgust, and after several attempts they gave it up. A Yankee standing by, observed that "if he could dive as deep as the Californian he would get up quicker than lightning," to which he remarked, that when descending he felt as if going to as was expected, quietly took up a setting pole, and dipping it down to the bottom, he stuck it into the coin and brought it up, and slipping it into his pocket, walked off, to the amazement of the Indian and Yankee, and the no small chagrin of the owner.

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The Texas party started from the weather bring up from the bottom for food, and have a way of speaking of the Indians with their mouths full, and against their breasts. They then hold the shells in their mouths, and eat out the fish at their masters' leisure. Sometimes they swallow the shells, and sometimes they are dropped, and one land is then entered. Their principal food is the mezquite bean, and the bread, beal and pork; and the bright shell of the Indian is the only thing they covet. We have given a distant and fanciful observer the idea of a gal dressing her head with a looking-glass in her hand, but the Indian's shell is more valuable. The who had long been absent from the cluster of their tribes, and who had been among the Americans, a fine—after suggested to their yearning fancy the existence of mermaids or sea-nymphs. That they are interesting, and pretty, all accounts concur.—*Boston Times.*

Marriages.

On the 27th of the 6th month, at Tuscon, N. J. according to the order of Friends, JAMES P. ELLIS, of Salem, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Thomas Ridgway, of the former place.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, Mr. JOHN H. ROBERTS, of Philadelphia, to Miss REBECCA HAGGERTY, of Philadelphia.

On the 28th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, Mr. JOHN M. FARR, of Philadelphia, to Miss CAROLINE M. FARR—both of this city

Selected Poetry.

COMING EVENTS.

FROM THE GATESHEAD SYNDICATE.

There's a good time coming, Girls,
A good time coming!
Then we all shall married be,
And ended single misery,
In the good time coming.
Forcing lips may gain our red,
Till coming weeks are sooner
We'll win our coming by their aid—
Oh! save a little longer

There's a good time coming, Girls,
A good time coming!
Husbands shall no longer rule,
And treat their wives like fools or school,
In the good time coming.
Her self-assent a woman's right,
And mother's love shall not be stinted,
And none's a relation quite—
Oh! wear a bit longer

There's a good time coming, Girls,
A good time coming!
Then we'll pack our family
Up into the nursery,
In the good time coming.
The little brats may learn to write
And when they get enough of
Mountains they may romp and fight,
And wear a little longer.

Romance of History.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

[One of the most magnificent circumstances recorded in history, is the affair of the "Diamond Necklace," which occasioned at once perverse to the bewilderment of the great French Revolution. We take the following account of it from Alexander Dumas' Life of Marie Antoinette," recently published by the Harpers.]

About this time there occurred an event which, though apparently trivial, involved consequences of the most momentous importance. It was merely the fraudulent purchase of a necklace, by a profligate woman, in the name of the Queen. The circumstances were such as to throw all France into agitation, and Europe was full of the story.

"Mine that miserable affair of the necklace," said Talleyrand; "I should be heroine surprised if I should overturn the French Monarchy." To understand this mysterious occurrence, we must first allude to two very important characters implicated in the transaction.

The Cardinal de Rohan, though one of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and of the most illustrious rank, was a young man of vain and shallow mind, of great prodigality of character, and perfectly frivolous in everything, in accordance, generally, with the revenues within his reach. He had been sent as Ambassador to the Court of Vienna, but the rounding himself with a retinue of scandalous gallantries, he endeavored to dazzle the Austrian Court-ly with more than regal magnificence. Expending six or seven hundred thousand dollars in the course of a few months, he soon became involved in inextricable embarrassments. In the extremity of his distress, he took advantage of a well refined relation, and engaged in smuggling with so much effrontery that he almost mortified the American Capital with French goods. Maria Theresa was extremely displeased, and, without reserve, expressed her strong disapproval of his conduct to the Count Noisy and to the Ambassador. The Cardinal was consequently recalled, and, disappointed and mortified, he hovered around the Court of Versailles where he was treated with the utmost coldness. He was extremely anxious again to bask in the beams of royal favor. But the Queen indignantly repelled all his advances. His proud spirit was settled to the quick by his disgrace, and he was ripe for any desperate adventure to retrieve his ruined fortunes.

There was, at the same time, at Versailles, a very beautiful woman, the Countess Lamotte. She traced her lineage to the Kings of France, and by her vices, struggled to sustain a style of ostentatious grandeur. She was connected by so remote a thread of consanguinity with royalty, and she had so consummate a talent for deception, that she succeeded in deceiving the Cardinal de Rohan, with any means which might lead to those results. Though somewhat notorious as a woman of pleasure, to the stranger who flitted around the throne, the Queen had never seen her face, and had seldom heard even her name. Versailles was too much thronged with such characters for any one to attract any special attention.

Maria Lamotte, in her earlier days, had been extremely fond of dress, and particularly of such jewelry. She brought with her from Vienna a large number of pearls and diamonds. Upon her accession to the throne, she received, of course, all the crown jewels. Louis XV. had also presented her with all the jewels belonging to his daughter, the dauphiness, who had recently died, and also with a very magnificent set of pearls. Of a single row, the smallest of which was as large as a hobnut. The King, loved Madame Du Barry, and, besides, presented her with a set of rubies and diamonds of a fine water, and with a pair of bracelets which cost forty thousand dollars. Besides, the crown jeweller, had collected, at a great expense, an immense collection of magnificent gems. They were perfectly matched, and of the finest water. They were arranged as ear rings. He offered them to the Queen for eighty thousand dollars. The young and royal bride could not resist the desire of adding them, costly as they were, to her casket of gems. She, however, economically removed two of the diamonds which formed the tops of the clasps, and replaced them by two of her own. The jeweller consented to this arrangement, and receipted the reduced price of two hundred thousand dollars, to be payed in equal installments for two years from the private purse of the Queen. Still the set looked full rather coarse in view of her more costly purchase. Museums of her extravagance began to reach her ears. Satiated with finery, and weary of jewels, as a child tosses aside its playthings Marie Antoinette now cared but little for her costly treasures, and began to seek novelty in the utmost simplicity of attire, and in the most active pursuit of rural life. Her gorgeous dresses hung neglected in their wardrobes. Her gems, of purest ray serene, slept in the darkness of the unopened casket. The Queen had become a mother, and all those warm and noble affections which had been diffused and wasted upon frivolities, were now concentrated with increased ardor upon her children. A rare and favored spot, Petit Trianon, had been given her, by royalty exiled, was beginning to find objects worthy of its energies. Rapidly she was gaining her way into the garden of the most wretched set of all known—a life of pleasure and of well-adjudged—to test and searching happiness of the unrestless and self-exacting.

Rohan, the jeweller, unaware of the great change which had taken place in the character of the Queen, resolved to form for her the most magnificent necklace which was ever seen in the world. He found himself for several years in collecting the most valuable diamonds circulating in commerce, and then he compared a necklace of wonderful beauty, whose attractions, he hoped, would be irresistible to the Queen. In the purchase of these brilliant gems, the jeweller had expended far more than his own fortune. For many of them he owed large sums and he had hope of paying those debts even in effecting a sale to the Queen.

Between Madame Campan in efforts the Queen what a beautiful necklace he had arranged, hoping that she might express a desire to see it. This, however, Madame Campan avoided doing, as she did not wish to bring the Queen in debt for the purchase of those hundred and twenty thousand dollars, the price of the glittering bauble Boehmer, after endeavoring for some time in vain to get the Queen exposed to the sight of the trinket, decided a courtier, high in rank, to show the superb necklace to the Queen. The courtier, after viewing the bloom most tenderly, waited to see her attended with this unprecedented condescend, and went the case to the Queen for her inspection. Maria Antoinette replied, that she had already as many beautiful diamonds as she could wish, and that she could not think of her ordinary dress. She could not think it right to encourage so great an expense for such ornaments; and that the money they would cost would be much better expended in building a man-o'-war. The King ordered some pressing repairs, soon, and the diamonds were returned to the jeweller from their inspection with this answer:—"We have more need of ships of war than of diamonds."

Boehmer was in great trouble, and knew not what to do. He was on the eve of leaving the other Courts of Europe, hoping to induce some of the sovereigns to purchase his splendid bauble. In vain. At most a despair, he returned again to Versailles and proposed the King should take it and pay for it partly in instalments and partly in his annuity. The King mentioned it again to the Queen. She replied, that if his majesty wished to purchase the necklace, and keep it for their daughter, he might do so. But she declared that she herself should never be willing to wear it, for she could not expose herself to those censures for extravagance which she knew would be levelled upon her.

The jeweller complained loudly and bitterly of his misfortune. The necklace having been exhibited all over Europe, his tarnishes even a matter of general conversation. After several months of great perplexity and anxiety, Boehmer succeeded in gaining an audience of the Queen. Passionately throwing himself into his knees before her, presenting his hands and bursting into tears, he exclaimed:

"Madame, I am disgraced and ruined if you do not purchase my necklace. I cannot outlive my misfortune. When I go hence I shall throw my self into the river."

The Queen, extremely displeased, said: "Rise, Boehmer! I do not like those theatrics; leave them to actresses by profession. I will give them leave to make known their requests. If you were to do, every peasant, I should expect you as a matter of course, whom I had taken an interest, but I should not be responsible for that misfortune. I not only never ordered the necklace which comes your jeweller to pay, but, whenever you have talked to me about the collection of jewels, I have told you that I should not add four diamonds to those I already possessed. I told you myself that I declined taking the necklace. The King wished it as a gift to me; I refused him in the same manner. Then your attention is to me again. Rise, Boehmer, and endeavor to sell it piecemeal, and do not drown yourself. I am very sorry with you for acting this manner of despair in my presence, and before the child. Let me never see you behave that again, Sir!"

Boehmer, overwhelmed with confusion, retired, and the Queen, expressed with a multitude of gaining nature, the anxiety which she felt for the safety of her self-esteem.

The Cardinal, trembling in every nerve, fatally believing upon you, and Madame Campan was upon and other ladies of honor about her, when Boehmer suddenly appeared Madame Campan, she inquired:

"Have you ever heard what poor Rohan did with his unfortunate necklace?"

"I have heard nothing of it since he left you," was the reply, "though I often meet him."

"I should really like to know how the unfortunate man got extricated from his embarrassments," rejoined the Queen; "and, when you next see him, tell him that I should like to know, and that I am interested in the affair, without any allusion to me how he disposed of the article."

The next day Madame Campan met Rohan, and, in reply to her interrogatories, he informed her, that the Prince of Constantinople had purchased it for the favorite Sultana. The Queen was highly gratified with the good fortune of the jeweller, and with the disposal of the necklace, for the price which she should have purchased his diamonds at Paris. Madame Campan met Rohan on the same day, and, upon the baptism of the Duke d'Angoulême, Maria Antoinette's infant son. The King made his ideal toy boy his heir, and the Cardinal's servant first entered the bed-kitchen, which he purchased of Boehmer, and directed him to deliver to the Queen. As the article he presented there, he slipped into the Queen's hand a letter, in the form of a petition, containing the following expression:

"I am happy to see your majesty in the possession of the finest diamonds in Europe, and I trust your majesty not to forget me."

The Queen read this strange note aloud, again and again, and cried out: "What does the man mean? He must be insane!" She quietly lighted the note at a taper, threw it into the fireplace, and, from that hour, never alluded to it, remarking that was not worth keeping. Afterwards, as she reflected more upon the enigmatical nature of the communication, she became convinced that she had not preserved the note. She sent for the Cardinal's servant first entered at the palace, which was at the distance of several miles. He had returned to Paris. As the case stood, The important documents, which might, perhaps, have shed light upon this mysterious affair, were destroyed.

The Countess Lamotte was also arrested, and held in custody, awaiting her trial. She, for a time, had continued living in a style of extraordinary splendor, and had vast sums at her disposal, secretly and mysteriously. It is difficult to discover the excitement which this story produced all over France. It was universally talked of. Paris was in a fever engaged in a swindling transaction with a prodigious woman to cheat the crown jeweller, out of a most magnificent necklace. And the Queen, it was buried, she was employing all the influence of the crown to shield the Cardinal from punishment, and the innocent Cardinal to infamy. The enemies of the Queen, sustained by the servitudes generally, were ready to believe anything. At the same time, feeling that his acquittal would be the virtual condemnation of Maria Antoinette, and nearly convicted of his guilt, exerted their utmost influence, in self-defence, to bring him to punishment. Rumors were circulated that the Queen had been the purchaser of the necklace, and that the Cardinal had been engaged in a swindling transaction with a profligate